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Making a Gentleman

(Jessie Annie Anderson, in 'Sabbath Reading'.)

Allan Christie lived on a large, thriving farm, and was the only son of his widowed mother, who managed everyone and everything around her for what she thought the good of her boy.

It was her great ambition that he should be 'a gentleman,' and as she had no lack of money, and Allan was a fine lad, and a quick scholar, she had no doubt whatever that she would make him a very grand gentleman indeed, if—but this was her trouble—if she could only keep him from being friendly with all sort of 'common' people, who entertained him with sea and war stories, etc., and of liking to sneak away in his oldest clothes, and of hating to wear gloves, even on Sundays!

For you must know that although Mrs. Christie had plenty of money, and was counted a very 'genteel person' indeed, she was the worst kind of 'common person'; she believed in being 'comfortable' and 'superior,' thought it 'very vulgar' to use Scottish words, and made all the young people she knew very much ashamed of themselves by telling them how she was 'looked up to when she was a girl.'

She did not know, and you could not have made her understand, that a boy may like a day in the woods or at the river in his old clothes, may hate gloves, and may find friendships amongst people who have 'grand stories' to tell, and all the more likely to be a frank, friendly, fearless gentleman—one not dependent on outward show. So she went on trying to make him a gentleman.

Worst of all his friends in her opinion was Jack Howie. True, Jack was what she called a 'quiet, nice mannered boy.' She more than suspected that, but for Allan Jack would not spend so many hours puddling for trout, and would have cried off from many an exhausting day in the woods, for he was but a pinched slip of a boy beside Allan; then he was so quick at his lessons that even Allan had often to take the second place; but with all this he looked so poor with his pale face and his much mended clothes that she felt that really she could never make Allan quite the gentleman he might be so long as Jack was his great chum.

Jack was the youngest of a large family; his father was a laborer, and his brothers drank all they could earn. Of course, Jack was not like his people, but then he had scarcely an educated, and not a single well-off person amongst all his relations, so that for all his good qualities he was not likely to 'get on in the world.'

Things like this said to herself sounded all right, but somehow or another they sounded all wrong when she tried to say them to Allan!

As for Allan, he was puzzled, and wondered why his mother, who had always pence and good things for his better-off

friends, could not see what 'a brick' Jack was. So he only shared his own good things with his chum, and championed him all the more.

They were so unlike that the one was not complete without the other, and Allan

when some boy—meaner than boys usually are—would have made sport of his shabby clothes.

Allan's warm heart was made to be kind to the less fortunate, but his mother could not see this; and one evening when he had



TRIED GOING TO THE HOWIES WITH HIS LESSONS.

was so fearless, generous and happy-spirited, and had so many wonderful things to do and tell that poor Jack had attached himself to him as to a hero; and Allan came out as his champion when the delicate boy was like to go to the wall, or

returned from a long expedition, looking as disreputable as a boy of twelve could well look, her anger broke out.

'You've been at it again, trampin' the country like any cottar laddie, with Jack Howie,' severely eyeing his muddy gar-